The AMERICAN SPECTATOR

A LITERARY NEWSPAPER

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EDITORIAL

IT is with considerable pleasure that the Editors of *The American Spectator* welcome the advent of their friend and colleague, Sherwood Anderson. Both our readers and ourselves are aware of the compliment to our undertaking which Mr. Anderson's collaboration implies, and it is hardly necessary to stress the advantage which it confers. For one thing, we now have another co-editor with whom to indulge in those editorial wrestling bouts without which *The American Spectator* would not be what it is today. Sherwood Anderson's many readers do not need to be told that he has his own point of view and his own philosophy of life, neither being necessarily shared by his fellow-editors. It has been our view from the beginning that the diversity of mind which our cooperation indicates is the best guarantee of *The American Spectator's* independence. We are glad that a further element of distinction will be reflected in its pages. If, as is true, we cannot promise that Mr. Anderson has up his sleeve the solution of all the problems that beset the cosmos, we trust that our readers will feel with us that this is something of an advantage. Oscar Wilde once informed the Customs officials of this country that he had nothing to declare but his genius. We might adapt the phrase by saying that, in announcing Anderson's presence amongst us, we have nothing to declare except that simple fact.

ONLY ON PAPER

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

ANSWERING such persons as have indulgently smiled away his affair with Ellen Terry, Shaw has written: "Let those who may complain that it was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue and abiding love." A thought, in coincidence, presents itself. Of all friends among men that a woman may possess, a writer is perhaps the most greatly to be treasured. Perhaps not always in his personal capacity, but assuredly in his professional. Consider the case history of women's glory and of women's loveliness and of women's fame—and reflect on the pens of men that sang behind them. What would Louise Colet have been — who ever, indeed, would so much as have heard of her — if it had not been for Flaubert; and what of du Châtelet without Voltaire and of Madame Hansa without Balzac? Think of Elizabeth Barrett without a Browning, of Madame du Deffand without a Horace Walpole. Would Duse still live today had there been no d'Annunzio—even no Arthur Symons? George Sand was a monstrosity until de Musset made her something of an angel. As Dumas invented Sarah Bernhardt, Shaw invented for the memory of coming generations not only his Ellen Terry but Mrs. Patrick Campbell—as the younger Guitry invented, out of nothing, the realistically imaginary Yvonne Printemps. Without D. H. Lawrence, the Mesdames Dodge-Luhan, Carswell and Co. would still be publicly unborn. Where but on paper live Joan of Arc, and Florence Nightingale, and Edith Cavell? . . . The Mona Lisa herself would be overlooked in the dull dust of the years had it not been for Walter Pater.

In the absence of sanctions for submarines in the League of Nations' pact, behold those socially and ethically harmonious blood cousins, England and America, building aeroplane submarine destroyers. Hands across the sea!

AN OPEN LETTER TO GERARDO MACHADO

Dear Señor Machado:

In case the very regrettable efforts of your late Cuban subjects to extradite you for murder should threaten success, why not the vaults of either the Chase or the National City Bank?

Cordially,

The Editors.

THE NATIONALIST

by SHERWOOD ANDERSON

WHAT charms you about all of this traveling about America is not the scenery but the people met. I met the nationalist on a train coming out of New Orleans. We were both bound for New York. It was at the height of summer and his face was red as my own. Drops of sweat stood on his broad forehead and little riverlets of sweat ran down his fat cheeks. There were few passengers and I found him sitting alone in the lounging car at the end of the train. A conversation began at once and I told him I was a writer.

It is a good plan. He was so evidently a successful business man, and successful business men are curious about writers. For a moment he looked at me, I thought with suspicion in his eyes, and then something, no doubt my easy grace of manner, my eagerness to be social . . . I had on a good, conservative suit of clothes . . . he decided to expand.

He began by giving me a cigar. Don't be afraid," he said, "It's a good one." It was.

"And do you write for the popular magazines?"

"Sometimes," I said. I did not tell him how infrequently.

He expanded more and more.

"There is no doubt that he is an important man," I thought. There was even a kind of melting, not caused by the heat. He had small gray eyes and they looked at me eagerly, even a little greedily.

He began at once to tell me his story, the story of his adventures in life. All Americans do that, and it developed that he was a rat man. At first I didn't understand. "I am in the rat game," was what he said. I knew at once that he would be at the top of any game he was in. Presently it developed that he was in reality a rat king and, again looking at him, I began to think that he would inevitably be one of our American kings.

Everything was explained carefully, elaborately. We had plenty of time. By rats he meant the muskrat, a rodent I had known in my boyhood.

The muskrat used to live along the creeks in my Ohio country and I had seen them there. As I remembered them, they were nearly as large as cats. Their pelts had a certain value. As a boy I had known another boy who set traps for them.

"Oh yes. I know. I understand now."

But I did not understand. It was obvious that this man, with his air of command . . . there was something in his manner not unlike an army general . . . with a certain large assurance and confidence in self . . . could be no setter out of muskrat traps, skinner of muskrats, simple dealer in the pelts of rats. "This man has not got to where he is, buying pelts from country boys such as I used to know," I thought.

He was however explaining, and at once he differentiated between the Northern and the Southern muskrat. Like a good many Northern men who come South, he was more Southern than the Southerners. He spoke with a kind of contempt of Northern rats, saying that they were over-valued. For a long time there had been a notion abroad that the Northern rat was superior. "It is all nonsense," he said. I gathered that he personally had had much to do with a gradual change he said was taking place in public opinion.

As for the Southern rat it had its home, its paradise, in certain swamp lands near the city of New Orleans. A great many people had a misconception of the city and where it stood. They thought it was at the mouth of the Mississippi River but it wasn't. It was more than a hundred miles from the river's mouth and stretched away to the East and the West, far to the East and far to the West, where there were thousands, even millions, of acres of swamp lands. "Oh yes," I said. I had heard that.

What I did not know about was the great rat industry that had gone on for years in these swamps. There were these millions of acres of swamps and more millions of rats lived in them. There had been an industry built up. All through these swamps, he explained, there were people living. The rats lived in the swamps and these people lived upon the rats. They were trappers, living in the swamps. Their houses were built upon stilts stuck in the ground. They lived in boats.

"The Cajans," I said, "yes," he replied.

It happened that I knew something of these swamps.

"It is where the mosquitoes come from," I said, and he laughed.

So there were these people who lived in the swamp lands. They were trappers. They spoke a bastard French. I gathered that for a century or more they had lived thus, in the swamps, not owning the swamp lands, paying each a small sum each year to the owners of the land. Although they were poor, they were an independent and a proud people.

And then the rat king had appeared. I do not know whether or not the man I met on the train was the actual king. He told of what had been done, but he spoke in the plural. "We did so and so," he said.

II

The swamp lands had been acquired. There had been a company formed. The central idea, I gathered, had really been the welfare of the rats in the swamps and the trappers in the swamps. A company had been formed and millions of acres of the half submerged lands had been acquired.

There had been a struggle. The trappers in the swamps had been gathered in and everything had been explained, but at first they had not understood. It was not for the good of the trapper or the rat that things go on as they were. These men had been too independent. Each man paid his yearly sum and went as he pleased into the swamp. He set traps as he pleased.

It had all been carefully explained, the man on the train told me, but the trappers were very stupid men. "Now you will no longer work for yourself. You will work for us." The land would be divided and subdivided. "You may put your house here or there. We will say where you may put your house. We will lay out your trap line for you. Life will no longer be a gamble. You will not go on as you have done, in this uncertain way. You will now work for wages."

As for the Southern rat, I gathered that he needed protection. There were certain years when the salt waters from the gulf came up into the swamps and the rats died by the million. Places of refuge had to be provided. There were certain men among the trappers who caught rats too early or too late in the season. It was odd that the trappers did not, would not at first understand all that was being done for them. There had been a long and bitter struggle but in the end the rat company, headed by the rat king, had won.

There were other things to be taken into consideration. The Southern rat had never been properly publicized. He was like so many other outstanding features of the Southern civilization. The Southern rat had been looked down upon. The man on the train became charming in his wholehearted defense of the Southern rat and in his concern for Southern civilization. With his big hand he pounded upon the seat of his chair and his jaw became set.

"You'll see," he declared, "the time will yet come when the Southern rat will come into his own!"

He explained to me many things that could be done with the Southern rat. It had to be caught, to be sure, at just the right season of the year. "This business," he said vehemently, "of allowing a lot of selfish individual men to run about over the swamps!" They took everything from the rats and gave nothing back. You could not allow a matter of such great importance to the whole South to remain in the hands of individuals. They caught the rats too early in the season or too late. The pelts were not treated as they should be. In the hands of experts in such matters the Southern rat could become anything. It could become mink or otter or even beaver. The future of the Southern rat was something tremendous.

The man whom I took to be the rat king of the South explained everything to me. Now that the rat industry was being controlled, everything was being thought of. In reality, for example, the flesh of the Southern rat was delicious. There was a good deal of prejudice about eating rats, but it was all nonsense. It was like the American prejudice against eating snails. The French did it. They found the snail a delicious morsel. Experiments were being conducted to change the flavor of the rats. They could be given the flavor of the most delicious fish or even of venison.

The man on the train came near weeping, thinking of all this.

"Think of it," he said, "all of these tons of delicious food wasted. And men often going hungry, too," he said.

He said that there were certain difficulties to be overcome. There were the so-called pure food laws. A lot of silly reformers had got at Congress. "The flesh of the Southern rat is delicious," he said again. He smacked his lips. "These damn reformers," he said.

He looked steadily at me.

"You have no use for such people, have you?" he asked.

"I think they are very un-American," I said and, "you are damned right," he agreed.

III

He had got now upon the subject of laws. He himself was a law-abiding citizen, but there were certain laws, laws put through by the least American of our people. Did I ever go to Washington? "You writers," he said. He thought we writers must have a certain influence.

He became more and more in earnest. It was evident that a new thought had come to him.

"There is something else," he said. He looked about the car. A small and aged woman in black had come into the lounging car, but she sat far away. He lowered his voice. There was, he said, a matter he thought he should speak to me about. There was my position as a writer. No doubt I had friends. There was a law that had been put on the statute books that was hurting him and his company.

It concerned, he said, a thing called egrets. Did I know what an egret was? "Aha!" He thought not. The egret was a bird. It was a mischievous and terrible bird. "Look at us," he said. "We have fish hatcheries all over the country. The egret lives on fish."

The egret, he declared, was a bird that did not belong to America. It was not an American bird.

Still it came here. It came in thousands into the land he and other good Americans had acquired. It did not come, he said, to live in America. It came only to breed and it happened that this particular bird . . . it had a peculiarity . . . at the time when it was sitting on eggs and brooding its young . . . the young would not stay in America when they grew old enough to fly . . . they would fly away to South America . . . they were really South American birds. . . .

And it happened that these birds . . . at just a certain time . . . when they were brooding these foreign youngsters . . . at that time there were feathers that grew on them, very delicate and beautiful feathers . . . women liked to wear them on their hats. He said that he did not blame the women.

"I think that our American women are the most beautiful women in the world," he said. "I would deprive them of nothing."

But it had happened. A lot of women reformers . . . they were probably old maids . . . they had done it. A law had been passed.

"We cannot shoot these birds," he said. "If we could shoot them they would bring us in thirty to forty dollars apiece."

"It isn't the money I am thinking about," he said. There was a grave injustice being done. "These egrets," he said again, "are not American birds. They are foreign birds and they come up here only to eat our American fish."

He thought that I, being a writer and if I were a good American, should do my part to correct such a glaring injustice.

"You have friends," he said. "You could ask them to write to their Congressmen."

He gave me another cigar.

"Will you try to do something about it," he asked, and I promised I would.

"I will write about it some day," I said and, "That will be splendid," he cried.

He said that nothing made him so sad as the thought of these millions of native American fish gobbled up each year by these damned foreign birds.

MR. STRACHEY: FIVE MINUTES

by THOMAS BEER

MY hosts had fallen out over the French word *gavage* at the end of luncheon and were still affably wrangling in the cold corridor as we moved to the stairs. Then one of them said, "Oh, hullo, Strachey! How are you?" and the man in spectacles wearily answered that he was quite wretched, thanks. He looked it. I saw him, in 1928, in the same club. Two years had pulled Lytton Strachey to pieces. He blinked as the row over *gavage* started up again and then said, "But it's from the verb, of course. *Gaver.*" This made things no better. They went off to hunt a French dictionary. I had not been introduced. Mr. Strachey was left with me on his conscience at the top of the very wide, very thickly carpeted and extremely ugly stairs. Is there a handsome club somewhere in London? I know only three interiors, and those lugubrious. Mr. Strachey, in this glum hall where a dozen men were smoking, suggested a long strand of Irish kelp hung in a fog.

He decided at once not to be bored by an American. He murmured, "Do you mind if I—" and took an American monthly from my hand. He had lately made me respect him, hugely. In December of 1929 an American tourist undertook to tell him all about Ernest Hemingway. Mr. Strachey said, "Oh, yes! Even at my present great age of forty-nine I can still read." In February of 1930 a lady teased him about an imitation of Gibbon in "Eminent Victorians." "*An* imitation?" he said. "I think there must be fifty. I sit about and wait for someone to mention Gibbon in connection with me. Perhaps they're reserving him for my obituaries." But they weren't. On Ash Wednesday of 1930 he was paid a compliment on "Elizabeth and Essex." He answered, "The only possible excuse for bits of the book is that I was most unwell when writing them." And so I stood looking at Mr. Strachey with respect until, very suddenly, he cavorted and stiffened.

"Luminous gems! Luminous gems! Luminous gems!" he said. "My God! What is there about some *clichés*, do you think, that makes them more exasperating than others? . . . Well, one has one's own. But . . . luminous gems! Horrible."

He went on reading. I lit a cigarette and waited for something else to happen. It happened slowly. He blinked. He scowled. He flapped the magazine down on the handrail beside us and outlined a paragraph with a finger.

"There," he said, "is a deliberate quotation from 'The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth' without inverted commas!"

"It seems to be Hume's luck to be quoted in that way," I said.

Mr. Strachey nodded. He then began to talk rapidly and elaborately about Martin Hume. I do not pretend to quote. "Hume," he did say, "is not a great writer or profound. But he is honest and capable and sincere." Mr. Strachey had been "violently irritated" by a study in sixteenth century history sent to him for an indorsement. "This buffoon," he said, "made use of Hume's documentation and his opinions everywhere in the book. But Hume was not mentioned in the bibliography. Shameless, you know." He talked ahead. "Hume," he said, "as a matter of fact, profoundly influenced modern biography. I can remember being quite upset and startled by his irreverence to Katherine of Aragon in 'The Wives of Henry the Eighth.' Do you know the book? It came out in a rather showy green and gold binding."

"Red and gold," I said.

Mr. Strachey firmly said, "No, green."

I timidly said, "I'm sure it's red."

"Green," he repeated. He went on. It was pleasant, anyhow, to know that Hume was appreciated in Spain. His researches in the Spanish state papers had given him a standing. He deserved it. He—but a spectacle now approached us on four feet. A young man of extraordinary but weak beauty, lavishly dressed and supporting two gardenias in his morning coat, came towards the stairs arm in arm with an elderly nobleman. The youth bawled, "Hullo, Strachey!" and flapped a hand at Mr. Strachey. He led the peer downstairs, calling him by his Christian name at every third step or so. There were numbers of members ascending the stairs. Mr. Strachey chuckled.

"Exquisitely transpontine," he whispered. "Portrait of a man of letters in process of advertising himself!"

"Does the young person write?"

"*Doesn't* he!" said Mr. Strachey.

He nodded and was drifting downstairs, precisely the strand of kelp. He vanished. I picked up the magazine. A club footman frowned at me for picking up the magazine when he existed to pick up magazines. My hosts were still pursuing the word *gavage* somewhere. But I knew that the first edition of "The Wives of Henry the Eighth" was bound in red and gold. Then somebody panted at my right.

"Red," said Mr. Strachey. "Red and gold. I'm so sorry. Remembered, just now, as my taxi was at the corner."

There were raindrops on his coat and beard. He smiled at me, out of breath, and drifted downstairs again.

I did not write all this because my memory of an old book's color was better than Lytton Strachey's memory of it. I set it down because, when one encounters wit, humility and a desire for justice to the obscure within five minutes, it is something solid, something almost touching and cleansing in a time of slovens.

BIRTH CONTROL

IF it is necessary, and hence legitimate, for the government to control production and distribution, income and wages, why is it not equally necessary for it to control the number of the beneficiaries of all this? In other words, why is not birth control as necessary to the welfare of the state as any of these others?

—Theodore Dreiser.

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ALL THE WORLD'S A JEW

by BEN SCHRAGO

NATIONALIST Jews— and by nationalist, I mean not only Zionists—who have set up such a hue and cry against the anti-Semitic features of Hitlerism, have much in common with the detestable Nazis. Both movements accept certain doctrines concerning the Jews, and it is only in the conclusions they draw from these doctrines that they differ.

To demonstrate. Both movements are convinced that there are a lot more Jews than are willing to admit it, and both have a fondness for exposing Semites who hide behind Anglicized or Teutonized names or noses. Both are content that a man is a Jew whether he wills it or not, and neither time nor alien blood can eradicate or dilute his essential Jewishness. Both will swear that Jewishness bespeaks certain overdeveloped, if not exclusive, characteristics. Both assign an exaggerated importance to the rôle of the Jew in history. Both agree that a disproportionate number of Jews occupy high places in the affairs of the world. And both credit the Jews with a great deal more influence than they actually wield.

The most common of their similarities is their proclivity for establishing the identity of Jews. It is questionable whether the Nationalist Jew does not exceed the Nazi in this and whether he has not put the idea into the latter's head. For it must be evident to all readers of the Yiddish and English-Jewish press, which represents this class of Jews, that long before Mr. Hitler's brown shirts came upon the scene, and all during the time that they were fighting for power, the Jewish press was laying the groundwork for their propaganda. It has been a major policy of these publications, with some of which I have long been closely associated in an editorial capacity, to determine who among the world's great or near-great is Jewish. In this connection one recalls the controversy that has raged unabated for more than a decade over the question of Charlie Chaplin's Jewishness. No sooner had the world acclaimed Charlie as its premier comedian than the Jewish press took Charlie to its bosom and announced to everybody within earshot that Charlie was Jewish. Yes, Chatzkal Caplan was the son of poor Jewish parents of London's East End. Did you need to be convinced? They called attention to his pathetic and doleful expression. Was that not expressive of the eternal plight of the Jew? His wistfulness, was that not a translation of the Jew's hope for a better world? They went further. They pointed to his fear of policemen. Was that fundamentally not a hangover of the Jewish dread of the gendarmerie, whose appearance at a Jewish home spelled trouble?

Yes, all evidence pointed to the fact that Charlie was Jewish. All but the simple fact that Charlie denied it. Not once, but a dozen times. But, if more ample confirmation of his Jewishness was needed, his repeated denials furnished that. To deny or refuse to affirm that one is a Jew, and to do it more than once, is taken to mean positively that one is a Jew, and is either ashamed to admit it or prefers for practical reasons to keep his true identity unknown.

Once a person is admitted to the fold through such a process, the penalty he pays for his unwillingness to acknowledge his alleged or actual affiliation is that he is featured in the Jewish press whenever the occasion permits. The editor is careful to include in each mention the label Jew. Thus Walter Lippmann would have found it the better part of wisdom to affirm his Jewishness, if he preferred that that fact should not be given publicity. He chose to keep mum, with the result that whenever he gets an honorary degree or is mentioned for a possible political post, his photograph is run in the Jewish press above a possessive caption the gist of which is that one of our boys has made good.

Others in this class whom the Jewish press is fond of bringing into its chosen fold are Walter Damrosch, the brothers Swope, Fritz Kreisler, Governor Dave Scholz of Florida, Bea Gottlieb, conqueror of the Prince of Wales at golf, Helen Jacobs and the August Belmonts (Schoenbergs). The fact that Scholz, for example, denied emphatically that he was a Jew would, it seems to the writer, be adequate reason for any self-respecting Jew to refrain from pressing the point further. But not so with the editors of the Jewish press, who apparently give their readers what they want. Like the hated Nazis they badger the victim into an admission or compromise him so that he appears a liar. In the case of Scholz, they interviewed his father and mother, spoke to them in Yiddish, and announced to the world that, notwithstanding convincing statements to the contrary, the governor was not only a Jew but a *Golitzianner* (Galician).

They will tell you, "strictly confidential," that Walter Winchell is a Jew and that his name used to be spelled with one "l" instead of two, that Douglas Fairbanks' real name is Ullman, that Kenneth M Kenna was Mielziner before he entered the theatre and the movies, and that Nanette Guilford is just one of half a dozen Jews in the Metropolitan Opera Company. They will flash an impressive list of names, beginning with Harry Houdini and ending with Guido Jung, and let you in on the information that they're every one of them Jewish. And if that fails to impress you, that Gama, the giant Indian wrestler, Magda Lupesco, Sergei Eisenstein, Lord Reading, Fighting Bob Briscoe, Maxim Litvinov, Jack Pearl, Sidney Franklin and Barney Dreyfuss are all members of the fraternity. If the above names seem to have been lumped together without taste or discernment, it should be borne in mind that such an arrangement merely reflects the indiscriminate policy of Jew-finding followed by Nationalist Jews and National Socialists.

If the Nazis maintain a race bureau to determine by pseudo-scientific or gum-shoe methods whether one is a Jew or descended from Jews, the Nationalist Jews have their specialists who spend a lifetime exploring the bypaths of history, nomenclature and genealogy to prove that the doctor aboard Columbus' ship was a Jew, that the first white man to set foot on American soil was a Jew and, finally, that Columbus himself was a Jew. They will cite Cardinal Mendoza y Bondilla of the Inquisition period as authority for the statement that every Spaniard has Jewish blood in his veins, and point out that this goes for Torquemada and members of the Royal Family as well. And as though this were not enough, they will take up the rumor that Hitler himself is a Jew.

Like Frick, Rosenberg and their blood sleuths, they will ferret out fraction Jews, even if in so doing they attach the stigma of illegitimacy to the celebrity in question. Thus in turn Alexander Hamilton, Richard Wagner, Edmund Kean and Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, are shown to have been half Jews. Among contemporary non-Aryans, as that term is understood in Germany today, they have found such distinguished figures as Gabriele d'Annunzio, Ex-King Alfonso of Spain, Diego Rivera, Mae West, Maxie Baer and Beatrice Fairfax (Lillia Lauferty).

All of which leads us to the second point in our discussion, namely, the contention of German and Jewish chauvinists that no amount of assimilation can eliminate one's Jewishness. The arch-apostle of the Jewish point of view is Ludwig Lewisohn, whose philosophy may be summed up briefly as follows: A Jew is a Jew whether he wants it or not. It is inevitable that he remain one. And no matter how hard or how long he tries to conceal it from himself and others, the Jew will out. So why try to assimilate?

Two Nazi propagandists who hold a similar view are Doctors Kolzow and Ley. The former believes "the Jew has always kept his blood pure," while the latter holds the blood of the Jew is "so chaotically confused, mingled and disordered that he is no longer able to resolve himself back to his racial origins." Both are agreed, however, on the fundamental thesis of the inevitability of the Jew retaining the kernel of his Jewishness. If you accept Kolzow: "Even though you may propagate the swine in the horse's stable for generations, there nevertheless remains an eternal swinishness and swinish filthiness." If you favor Ley: then the swine by inbreeding becomes more deeply rooted in his mongrel swinishness. In any case the Jew cannot escape his heritage, which is as sure to pop up as Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte.

This contention is based on the theory that the Jew has certain definite characteristics which set him apart from other peoples. The Nationalist Jew and the National Socialist are united in this belief, but disagree as to what these characteristics are. A few examples will suffice to prove this point and illustrate the contrast between the Jew as the philo-Semite and the anti-Semite see him, as well as to show up the contradictions in the person each envisages.

II

The anomaly, created by the Nationalist Jew, concerns himself: he is a scholar, philosopher and dabbler in fourth dimensions. At the same time, never losing sight of the practical side of living, he is hard-headed, an astute business man, and a shrewd politician. He is the apotheosis of social justice and a force for the maintenance of the *status quo*. He is a staunch internationalist, yet no man can boast of greater allegiance to his fatherland or country of adoption. He abhors war but stands ready to die for his country at a moment's notice. He is a member of the Chosen People and the Rotarians and neither responsibility weighs more heavily upon him than the other.

The Jew created by the anti-Semite "is a bastard . . . unable to strike roots of his own, hence a parasite, who can no longer carry on creative activities." Simultaneously, by dint of his hoggishness, he dominates every sphere of human activity. He is at once the epitome of capitalism, the source of libera vacillation and the driving force behind Communism. On the one hand, he stoutly resists assimilation; on the other, he contaminates the Teutonic race by constant intermarriage. He is pictured as a "murderously cruel vampire who drinks human blood." And then as the pillar of sickly Marxian humanitarianism.

If you accept the "Made in Germany" Jew, then "the Jew is a ferment of decomposition in the life of nations" and "a symbol of the decline of civilization." If you reject the German product in favor of that of the philo-Jew, William Bolitho, then you agree that "the Jews have injected their peculiar cosmic qualities and peculiar spiritedness which makes New York the most interesting city in America and one of the finest in the world"; that "American civilization in its most worth-while parts is very strongly Jewish"; and that "the common denominator of all civilization is the Jew." If you fall for Nazi propaganda, then the Jew is sterile, and his only contribution has been to introduce disorder into the incredibly pure and wholesome Nordic way of life. If, however, you believe Sinclair Lewis, who like Bolitho accurately presents the Nationalist Jewish point of view, then: "Every man who stands out in the world has a fair measure of Jewish blood"; "the puerile lumbering intelligence of the Nordic flatlands needs the leaven of Jewish thought"; and the Jews are alive as opposed to mid-western Americans who are "dolts, unconscious bundles rolling in habit."

It follows then, that whether or not the Jew is the "plastic demon of the decline of mankind," or "the common denominator of all civilization," his rôle in world affairs has been a decisive one. The sergeant of myriad races plied their attentions, but Destiny abandoned herself only to the Jew. That that is so, philo-Semite and anti-Semite earnestly believe. Only the Nazi is convinced that the Jew ain't done right by the little lady and has gotten out his sawed-off shot-gun to order him off the premises.

Neither doubts that if the Jew doesn't actually run the world he at least has a big hand in its running. They may differ in appraising the world, allegedly created by Jews, the one pointing with pride to civilization as a Jewish contribution, the other discounting the value of our boasted civilization, but not the Jewish part of it.

The Nationalist Jew will, with a broad sweep of his hand, tell you to take the top-notchers in any field of human endeavor and whom do you find? The Rothschilds, Warburgs, Schiffs and Speyers in banking; Litvinov, Bela Kun and Trotzky in Communism; Marx, Lassalle, Seligman and Bonn in economics; Einstein, James Franck and Gabriel Lippman in physics; Richard Wilstaetter, Haber and Ehrlich in chemistry; Landsteiner, Blumenthal, Weidal and Richard Librech in medicine; Albert Michelson, Maurice Loewy and Wilhelm Beer in astronomy; Jacques Loeb and F. J. Cohn in biology; Ferdinand von Oppenheim and Sir Aurel Stein in archæology; Franz Boaz in anthropology; Heinrich Hertz in the development of wireless; Karl Arnstein, David Schwartz and the Lillienthals in aviation pioneering; Freud, Jung and Adler in the study of mental processes; Maurice Stern, Max Lieberman and Jacob Epstein in modern art; Ravel, Schoenberg, Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer in musical composition; Heifetz, Elman, Horowitz and Szegeti in the recital field; Bruno Walter, Artur Bodansky and Fritz Reiner on the podium; Leopold Auer and the Damroschs in musical instruction; Sigmund Romberg, George Gershwin and Jerome Kern in modern light music; Spinoza and Bergson in philosophy; Mond, Citroën and the Guggenheims in industry; Heine, Auslander, Werfel and Else Lasker-Schüler in poetry; Dorothy Parker, Guiterman, F.P.A. and Hoffenstein in light verse; Ludwig, Maurois, Proust, Feuchtwanger, Wassermann, Gertrude Stein and the Zweigs in literature; Schnitzler, Pinero, Toller, Henri Bernstein, Molnar, George Kaufman, and Elmer Rice in playwriting; Belasco, Ziegfeld and Reinhardt in theatrical production; Paley and Sarnoff in radio broadcasting; Jewish Hollywood; Ochs and Block in newspaper publishing; Lippmann, Blumenfeld and Michelson in journalism;

(*Continued on Page* 3, *Col.* 1)

NATHAN DIGESTS THE THEATRE

"THE Green Bay Tree" *(Mordaunt Shairp)*—An intelligently staged, intelligently contemplated English study of abnormality somewhat weakened in the American production by a too reticent treatment of its degenerate phases.

"Ah, Wilderness!" *(Eugene O'Neill)*—Although the Editors of *The American Spectator* are not supposed to say anything decent about one another in the pages of the paper, an American folk comedy of the first rank.

"As Thousands Cheer" *(Moss Hart)*—A really witty revue, as good as anything ever turned out by the celebrated Parisian, Rip.

"Sailor, Beware!" *(Kenyon Nicholson* and *Charles Robinson)*—Crude stuff, here and there comical, about a sexually invincible gob who encounters a virgin in the Canal Zone, of all places good God.

"Men in White *(Sidney Kingsley)*—Fairly well managed study of the emotional and professional activities of the medical gentry.

"The Pursuit of Happiness" *(Alan Child* and *Isabelle Loudon)*—1910 French bedroom farce laid in 1778 Revolutionary War America, with bundling serving as an innocent substitute for more acutely anatomical didoes.

"Double Door" *(Elizabeth McFadden)*—Cheap melodrama about a dry old girl who seeks to keep the family fortune from falling into an intruder's hands.

"Champagne, Sec" *(Alan Child* and *Robert A. Simon)*—An alias for "Die Fledermaus." The score, you needn't be told of. The book remains dreadful.

"Ten Minute Alibi" *(Anthony Armstrong)*—Murder mystery shenanigan rather better than the average of such childish things.

"Keeper of the Keys" *(Valentine Davies)*—Ditto, rather worse.

"The School for Husbands" *(Arthur Guiterman* and *Lawrence Langner)*—Some pretty scenery and a very dull evening with a new version of the Molière comedy.

"Let 'Em Eat Cake" *(G. S. Kaufman* and *Morrie Ryskind)*—Except for some vaudeville allusions to pistache ice-cream and three million dollars and two cents, a witty sequel to "Of Thee I Sing", too assiduously witty, indeed, for its own theatrical good.

"Murder at the Vanities" *(Earl Carroll* and *Rufus King)*—A weak chowder of mystery play and musical show. For the Fall River-New York bus trade.

"Hold Your Horses" *(Russel Crouse* and *Corey Ford)*—A nag of a musical show, the result of dunces having tinkered with the authors' book.

"The Curtain Rises" *(B. M. Kaye)*—An unsuccessful attempt at Guitry farce-comedy by a New York lawyer.

"Her Master's Voice" *(Clare Kummer)*—A smooth, adroitly written and gayly amusing comedy—one of the Mlle. Kummer's best.

"Move On, Sister" *(Daniel N. Rubin)*—Junk.

"Spring in Autumn" *(Martinez Sierra)*—A soporific from the Spanish, with the actors apparently unaware that Spanish forms of address are not pronounced as Italian.

"Three and One" *(Denys Amiel)*—An originally amusing sex comedy ruined by a cheap translation.

"The World Waits" *(George F. Hummel)*—An Antarctic melodrama. Zero.

"Thunder on the Left" *(Jean Black)*—Morley's novel raped.

"Eight Bells" *(Percy Mandiey)*—Jitney English melodrama.

BOYD DIGESTS THE BOOKS

"THE Tragedy of Man." *(Imre Madách.)* Budapest: Dr. George Vajna & Co. $2.50—The Hungarian rival to Goethe's "Faust" appears in English. It was once done before, unsuccessfully. It has just recently been translated again in England and that translation will be duly imported. This version, by Charles Henry Meltzer and Paul Vajda, is now available in New York.

"Testament of Youth." *(Vera Brittain.)* New York: Macmillan. $2.50—Explains poignantly, amongst other things, why Beverly Nichols is just a little more than any Edwardian can bear.

"War Memoirs of David Lloyd George." 2 vols. Boston: Little, Brown. Each $4.00—A lawyer-politician proves once more that Keynes' classical description of the Versailles Conference was right. The Limehouser gives himself and the whole show away.

"My Battle." *(Adolf Hitler.)* Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.00—Der schöne Adolf as his Austrian God made him. Hysterical rhetoric mercifully curtailed for American consumption.

"America in Search of Culture." *(William Ayloti* Orton.) Boston: Little, Brown. $3.00—For once an intelligent Englishman says a number of illuminating things about America's hopeless struggle for Higher Things.

"The Edwardian Era." *(André Maurois.)* New York: Appleton-Century. $3.00—All the pathos of "Cavalcade," minus the superficiality of Noël Coward, plus the wit of one of the few Frenchmen who has ever understood the English.

'The Life and Friendships of Dean Swift." *(Stephen Gwynn.)* New York: Henry Holt. $3.75—For the second time in recent years a distinguished Irishman of letters discusses one of the great figures in Anglo-Irish literature. Place it beside Shane Leslie's "The Skull of Swift."

"Meridian." *(Bernice Kenyon.)* New York: Scribner's. $2.00—A poetess who has never enjoyed the advantages of adventitious self-advertisement collects a series of well wrought and frequently beautiful poems.

"Jahre der Entscheidung." *(Oswald Spengler.)* München: C. H. Beck. M. 3.20—The otherwise intelligent Spengler now plays into the hands of his detractors by shouting—metaphorically—"Heil, Hitler!"

"André Gide." *(Léon Pierre-Quint.)* Paris: Stock. Frs. 18—The only intelligent account of the last great figure of an interesting period in French literature.

"Conserve e Affini." *(Cerio.)* Casella. L. 15—The always engaging author of "Aria di Capri" demonstrates his ability to out-Douglas Norman Douglas.

"Candelabro." *(Concha Espina.)* Madrid: Librería y Casa Editorial Hernando. Ptas. 5—The latest volume of stories by the most distinguished woman writer in Spain who, not being a Vicki Baum, will never make good in Hollywood, but will always entertain those who appreciate fine work.

THE WORST BOOK OF THE MONTH

LUDWIG LEWISOHN: THE ARTIST AND HIS MESSAGE

By Adolph Gillis

5½ x 7¾. Pp. 110. $1.50

New York: Duffield and Green

MAN AS LOVER

by SUSAN ERTZ

THE dry Mr. William Cobbett, famous in English politics more than a hundred years ago and author of "Advice to Young Men," tells us in this book how, when a young man himself, he fell in love with the future Mrs. Cobbett. He was sergeant-major at the time in a regiment of foot in St. John, New Brunswick. One bitter morning in the dead of winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground, he saw, at daybreak and out of doors, a little girl of thirteen busily scrubbing out a wash-tub. "That's the girl for me," he said. Four years later, stationed in England once more, he married her, never for one moment having wavered in his resolve.

Though the marriage was an entirely happy one, sentimental readers will no doubt wish that some warmer emotion than approval of such youthful hardiness and industry had inspired him. Nothing is recorded, however, but that sage approval, and a nice realization of the fact that a little girl who would uncomplainingly scrub out a wash-tub in the snow at dawn would endure with fortitude all the trials and discomforts of this life.

And yet the whole episode is, in a way, highly romantic, even though Mr. Cobbett seems to have been moved by nothing but hard, practical sense. The romantic quality is nevertheless there; in the suddenness with which he made up his mind, in his steadfastness and in that of the girl who, until such time as they could marry, became a little household drudge in an officer's family in England at five pounds a year, and scrupulously saved not only her wages, but the money sent to her by Mr. Cobbett as well.

Now the average man, and I am speaking here of average men, loves far less sagely and steadfastly than the unusual Mr. Cobbett, and so, in a sense, less romantically. He loves in the commoner way, blindly and at haphazard, but above all, blindly. The average man in love is as much the master of his fate as is some weak swimmer who is caught up by a great wave that hurls him, sightless, naked and semi-conscious upon some unknown shore, without guide or compass, even had he eyes to see them with. And so closely does the man newly in love resemble this castaway, that he, too, gropes in a thick darkness, imagining himself to be on the shores of some great continent, whereas fate, as likely as not, has cast him upon some dangerous atoll, where there is nothing whatever to sustain life.

In love the average man is blind, innocent and inexperienced. As a child is born naked into the world, so is a man born naked into a new passion, taking with him no knowledge, no memories of previous loves. The woman he loves is totally different from any other, he loves in a way he never loved before. And while this protects him from the sin of making comparisons, which is the real sin against love, it exposes him cruelly to the danger of committing the same folly more than once, which, if he be truly average, he will almost certainly do.

And here, it seems to me, women differ very greatly from men, for women learn more readily from experience, and do not hesitate to make use of their experiences, which is the reason, probably, why men are so concerned that the women they marry shall have had none before their own arrival upon the scene. Perhaps they know that the sin of making comparisons is a feminine rather than a masculine one, which would partly account, I think, for the difference between what men demand from women and what women demand from men. For men hope to find no disturbing footprints in the sands, while women know that men, once they have committed the agreeable folly of falling in love with them, forget past and future, and only a very foolish or stupid woman will disbelieve them when they swear that they "have never loved like this before." What matter if they have, if they have totally forgotten it?

The average sentimental man—and our average man is above all things sentimental—lives in a world of illusion. He likes to think that a real woman loves but once, and cherishes the belief in the face of overpowering evidence to the contrary; and this, owing to the fact that he usually falls in love first and makes his inquiries afterwards, causes him a great deal of unnecessary pain. It is characteristic of him that he is far more concerned about the past of his beloved than about the present or future, feeling, no doubt, that he can trust or control her actions better than he can trust or control her memories.

He will even enjoy the thought that there are men who can love but once, and greatly admires them in books or plays, at the same time congratulating himself on his superior good fortune. And what is admirable in others, he feels, would not necessarily be a virtue in himself, but might indicate instead poverty of spirit and a lack of responsiveness both churlish and ungallant.

The state of being in love is not improving to men as it is to women; their improvement comes later, with marriage. For men forget themselves in love, sometimes with a thoroughness verging on the fatuous, while women in love learn themselves and much else besides. A woman sees herself in a new and pleasing light, the light cast upon her by her lover, but a man, being infinitely more single-minded, does not see himself at all, but sees only the woman his love has improvised.

So while being in love heightens a woman's attractions, a man dwindles in the eyes of the world, bores his friends, and, if he be far gone in love, is a figure of comedy to other women, for only a very lonely or unhappy or generous woman will trouble herself about a man in love with another. She will listen to his rhapsodies, comfort his doubts, if he have any, and accept the crumbs that fall from that groaning table. But to the world at large he is a fool, lost in his folly. All the world may love a lover on stage or screen, but in real life it sees him only in the motley.

And unless a man in love possess great dignity and reticence, the motley is apt to be his daily wear. Nor, contrary to the world's opinion, will he do his best work or write his best poems until normal sight has returned to him again, and he can distil some valuable essence from the emotions that have drowned him. It is no mere coincidence that the most beautiful words of love that have come down to us, those of Ruth to Naomi, beginning, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to refrain from following after thee," are words spoken not by lover to beloved, but by a girl to her mother-in-law.

Our average man in love is too much at the mercy of chance, too much the sport of the winds. The man who loves sagely and with open eyes has in him far more of the stuff of romance. Mr. Cobbett was a romantic. The average man in love resembles too closely the child that catches measles because it is exposed to them at a moment when the anti-bodies are off duty. But if the fates take pity on his blindness and guide his stumbling feet, he may have the great good fortune to find, when his eyes are opened again, that the object of his affections is at least an average woman.

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MINUS ONE-THIRD

by BRANCH CABELL

ODD seems the fact that, when you come to think of it, there does not appear to exist in American literature, whether in its maturity or during its prolonged infancy in England, any full-length dream-story which obeys the actual and well-known laws of a normal dream—with the ever-memorable exception of the two Alice books by Lewis Carroll. Nobody else has as yet published a dream-story combining any considerable length with even the most shadowy pretense to veracity.

Here and there one finds a short story which, in its stinted way, stays veracious enough. But Lewis Carroll alone of mankind appears to have written books which deal, and which deal only, with the true stuff of dreams; which cover entirely the course of a normal dream; and which progress at all times, as a dream does normally progress, under the local regulations of dream-land.

Odd it, I repeat, seems. The two Alice books, alone of all books, preserve the peculiar, the unremittent movement of a normal dream, and the peculiar logic of a normal dream, and the peculiar legerdemain through which the people one meets, or the places visited, in a normal dream, are enabled unostentatiously to take visible form or to vanish, quite naturally, without provoking in the beholder's mind any element of surprise; just as these books preserve, too, the ever-present knowledge, common to many dreamers, that, after all, they are dreaming. But I forbear to particularize the true somnial touch with which matters are handled. My point is that these two books remain inexplicably unfellowed in to-day's literature, as the sole known æsthetic instances—I believe—of an elaborate and unflinching naturalism applied to the lands beyond common-sense.

Even here the precise might file an objection. Alice smells pepper in Wonderland, she smells the "scented rushes" in Looking-Glass Land; and, upon several occasions, Alice partakes of food, and of physic also—tasting, as you may recall, an unusual medicine, which had "a sort of mixed flavor of cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast." It is my strong personal belief that in no dream not induced by black or by gray magic did anybody ever smell or taste anything. So that small objection to the scientific exactness of Lewis Carroll is recorded in this place, for whatever it may be worth,—with the glad supplement that, in every other important respect, one finds his books to be triumphs in naturalism, with which the works of Flaubert, or of Zola, or of Tolstoy, let us say, cannot easily be compared.

Meanwhile it becomes increasingly needful that some other author should treat a full-length dream, at full length, realistically; for the trend of our time stays definitely averse from any form of too timid restraint such as continues to enslave our creative writers. I mean (of course) that professed realists have given us, very multitudinously, the stark, the grim, and preferably the sex-flavored truth about man's life during his wide-awake hours—the truth about just two-thirds of human existence, without ever daring, it would seem, to venture beyond that rather vulgar fraction. All their novels display a quaint devotion to insomnia.

For the eight hours, more or less, which every human being devotes to sleep appear to repel the professed realist; to bother him, in some obscure fashion; and to be a theme which no realist cares, or perhaps has the courage, to handle. Dreams have been analyzed and interpreted, *ad*, as the learned say, *infinitum*, and even, the impatient append, *ad nauseam;* but never since 1871 has any English or American writer dealt with any complete and convincing dream completely and convincingly.

All this, too, in face of the plain fact that every normal person spends some third part of his existence in sleep, during which (according at least to such eminent authorities as Kant, Leibnitz, Descartes, and yet other reputable philosophers) every sleeper dreams continuously, and so, for eight hours *per noctem*, lives among supernatural surroundings and exercises supernatural powers. Yet Lewis Carroll alone of our better-known realists has considered this huge field, this entire third of human life, with any seriousness or any veracity. And even this great pioneer confined his explorings to the south temperate zone, as it were, in the callow, the sexless dreams of a child.

It follows that nowhere in English prose literature is an adult dream represented from the actual point of view of a dreamer; and that some thirty-three per cent. of human experience remains untouched by any living creative writer at all truthfully. Since Bunyan's time there has been an abundance of books which purported to record dreams; but thus far only two of them have tried honestly to obey the conditions of dream-land, where in all human beings pass a third of their lives.

It really does seem a default which ought to be remedied.

ALL THE WORLD'S A JEW

(*Continued from Page 2, Col. 2*)

Knopf, Simon and Schuster and the Viking Press in book publishing; Albert Kahn, Julian Levy and Ely Jacques Kahn in architecture. The list is endless and, inasmuch as it ignores the fact that, for almost every outstanding Jew, there are to be found several non-Jews of equal calibre, it makes out a highly plausible case for the Jewish chauvinist.

If a great historical figure is found to exist who cannot be shown to be of Jewish extraction, then the Jewish influences in his life will be noted. Very often it will be argued that it is precisely those influences which account for the success of the particular individual. Thus it was Dreyfus who made Clemenceau, Judah P. Benjamin who made Jefferson Davis, Jack Gumpertz who made Barnum and Bailey, and Joe Jacobs who made Max Schmeling. In connection with the Washington Bi-Centennial, much was made of the Jews who helped to put over George Washington, from Chaym Solomon to our own Sol Bloom. Nor is Lincoln permitted to repose in his self-won canonization. On his last birthday, English-Jewish papers, from Maine to California, carried a story about the martyred president's Jewish chiropodist, who, though he sat at the feet of the President, was really the head of the nation.

Roosevelt may be a big shot to many, but to Nationalist Jews and Nazis he's just putty in the hands of Barney Baruch. The reason that his administration is so popular, according to the former, is that he has shown good judgment in surrounding himself with Jews. Papa and Junior Morgenthau, James Warburg, Jesse Straus, Louis Kirstein, Leo Wolman, Lawrence Steinhardt, Herbert H. Lehman, Sam Rosenman and Felix Frankfurter, to mention but a few, are the men behind the scenes at Washington. And Jewish Hollywood, Jewish radio and the Jewish stage are putting his N.R.A. across with the people. This notion is not discounted by the Nazis, who hold the Jews responsible for the prevailing anti-German sentiment in this country and the current American depression, which is just a plot of the "international Jewish bankers to turn the land over to the Communists . . . who are international Jewish bankers in disguise." In no case do Jews exercise power commensurate with their position or numerical strength.

III

If the basis of anti-Semitism, as well as other forms of race hatred, is the existence or recognition of a difference between a particular member and the body of humanity, then it follows that any force which tends to accentuate that difference contrives to intensify ill feeling. So that, in apportioning the blame for anti-Semitism, responsibility must also be placed upon Jewish chauvinists. For it has been shown that not only do these Jews affirm that there are ineradicable differences between Jew and non-Jew, but they make it a point to flaunt those differences before the world like a red flag before an infuriated bull. By insisting that a Jew acts in a prescribed manner, peculiar to himself, precisely because he is a Jew, the Jewish super-patriot plays directly into the hands of his enemies who, accepting a similar view, hold up to public scorn miscreants and scoundrels of the Jewish race as typical examples of Jewish conduct. And logically the chauvinist cannot undertake to dispute such a position.

Similarly, if the Jewish influence in world affairs is anywhere nearly as powerful as Nationalist Jews would have us believe, then one can well understand the reasonableness of the Nazi who, granting this influence, rhetorically asks why there is so much evil and misrule, and answers because of the Jew.

Then, there is the human capacity for jealousy, which needs no prodding to manifest itself in the form of anti-Semitism. What does the Nationalist Jew do to allay envy of the Jew? He continually toots his own horn, magnifies his own abilities to the disadvantage of his neighbor, and gloats over how much of the world's goods and favored positions are in the hands of the Jews.

In fairness to the Jew it must of course be admitted that much of his boasting constitutes merely a defense mechanism, an attempt to justify his existence before a world that is recurrently putting him on trial.

Now, it is futile to argue which came first, the chicken or the egg. It is necessary for the Jew to recognize that both are productive of the same bad result and, while it may be impossible to halt the generation of racial bitterness at one point, it is feasible to do so at others. That is, unless the Nationalist Jew, carrying his theory of inborn unchangeable racial characteristics to its logical end, concludes that anti-Semitism is as much a part of the Gentile character as love of man is a part of the Jew. In which case anti-Semitism becomes inevitable and the Jewish outlook hopeless.

WINTERTON

by THEODORE DREISER

BACK in the Mauve Decade, Winterton was the Sunday editor of a New York newspaper. I came into contact with him through selling him some material for his Sunday feature section. The paper and Winterton liked short and presumably authentic, informative articles about people then conspicuous in the bizarre, luxurious, romantic or pseudo-artistic and social settings of that day.

Winterton devoted not a little space to the studios and parties of successful artists, writers, dancers, and "society" men-about-town. The illustrators for *Life, Puck, Judge* and *Truth* were in the foreground, since they made quite a bit of money and a number of them were left-handedly accepted by the younger element in society who were Bohemianly inclined. This was in 1897, and personally I was a mere beginner in the business of scribbling for a living.

Pinched for board and room rent, and noting the elusive flair which this particular Sunday paper had for the realms in which, at that time, I would most have preferred to disport myself had I had the means, I soothed my personal frustration with plans for writing about that sort of life for money.

Alas for myself, I was really not gifted enough to approach the topic with the airy and glamorous touch required. Nevertheless, into the presence of Stanley Winterton I went, only to behold someone whom I would least have expected to find in charge of such a supplement—the *Express'* Metropolitan Feature Section. For, although only thirty-three or four years of age, Winterton was obviously too sombre and, if not exactly critical, at least morose and brooding. Those dark, restless, nervous, brown-black eyes. Those long, narrow and sinewy hands that looked as though they had seen manual work. That flicker of a half-ingratiating, half-cynical and retreating smile. He was anything but good-looking, his ears and nose too large for his narrow head, his mouth small.

Yet, despite his several defects which would never have drawn an attractive woman to him, there was something about him that appealed to me. For he was one whom, at a glance, I pigeon-holed as marked for frustration. He might work and dream as he would; but—well, the worst crimes committed against one are more often contrived by nature than by man. For as one is fashioned in the womb, those marvelous craftsmen, the cells, bestow upon one this or that—beautiful features or ugly, an excellent brain or a fumbling one, a strong attractive body, or a halting, misshapen one.

However that may be, Winterton at first appeared not at all taken with my very youthful and inexperienced self. Rather, he seemed not only irritated but bored by my presumption in coming to him. What was it I wanted? And because of his critical resentment of me, I became a little nervous.

Just the same, I assembled all my resources and suggested what I thought would interest him. His first responses were no, no, no. "Old stuff", or "We've used that before." But finally one idea I had, which was to concern the home background of the youngest and most successful of the featherweight prize fighters of the day, interested him. I had learned that the fighter had been born in Brooklyn, and that the family home was still a mere laborer's shanty. My thought was that it would be interesting to picture intimately the very commonplace material circumstances from which he had risen. Winterton said, "Well, you might try that."

And after I had written it, and it had been accepted, he seemed to soften a little. So much so that from then on my entrance into the pages of *The Sunday Express* was not so difficult.

One phase of Winterton that interested me greatly was his positive zest for the idle and carefree life of the rich, and for the facile but futile and imitative activities of those who aped genius and wealth in the Bohemian world. And actually, by publicizing these, the man was slowly but surely achieving a place for himself as a Sunday editor of real awareness and selective skill. But first, an explanatory interlude.

II

One of the early mistakes I made in connection with Winterton was to assume that, of course,—and this by reason of his position and concomitant contacts—he was an integral part of the gay, reckless, spendthrift life that he so fully pictured in his paper. The truth was that he was little more than a commonplace outsider, tolerated on occasion here and there by reason of the exaggerated publicity he could afford those who were within. As for sharing any of their real gaieties or revels, he was not the type. As a friend of his and mine remarked concerning him later, "He could not be gay in the sense that a social participant of any social gaiety is gay. In the first place, he was not physically attractive. He couldn't dance or manufacture witticisms or tell amusing stories. And, oddly enough, although he was fascinated by attractive women, he could not talk to them, or believed he could not. And yet he was always on hand at chorus girl parties given by rounders and illustrators with money, or artists' affairs, but looking as though he didn't belong. The fact is," went on my informant, "he was truly a frustrated man; one who had dreams of pleasure and companionship beyond his powers of achievement."

Now it came about, after a time, due principally to the kind of work I did for him, that Winterton took a fancy to me. And, in the hours which we sometimes spent together, he fell to discussing the showy and make-believe world which he was always so busy publicizing. And then it appeared that my informant had been correct. For Winterton spoke of the yachts which were sailing around the seas at that very moment. Of courtesans and lust and love. The while in the cotton mills and shoe factories of New England, as he explained, and the steel and coal mines of Pennsylvania, the slaughter houses, agricultural machinery works of Chicago, the thousands and thousands of underpaid and undernourished worked and sweated to make all of this possible. And got what for their toil? Religion and hunger. What fools!

Also, in connection with his office work, I had on occasion the opportunity to study Winterton in his relation to various itinerant tipsters and space men who were always about his office with stories of race-track scandals or fixed races, or trans-Atlantic gambling crooks and their victims, or young beauties in society who were leading a double life.

And so I was able to estimate his physical and mental reactions to the worlds and materials in which these stout informers were interested and which they more truly represented than he ever could. The gusto, the something of hungry and even eerie zest with which he listened! The apparent pleasure he took in spreading their gay and for the most part shabby and dishonest excitements before the world! With his hollow cheeks, sallow complexion, sunken and feverish eyes, and unsuitable clothes I could note how, as an alien spirit, he prowled about a world of material sensuality and satiation which he was never permitted to share, save as a spectator.

However, as he had a considerable interest in such artists as Vierge, Rops, and the distinguished draughtsmen and illustrators of Europe at the time and earlier, as well as in some of the great and rare books which they occasionally illustrated, we soon entered into a mutual understanding and appreciation.

His "studio", as he was fantastically pleased to call it, was in one of the dingier portions of old William Street, east of Printing House Square and under the towering walls of the newspaper skyscrapers of that day. With a really Stevensonian interest in the safely dangerous, he liked, after his long day's work, or some bizarre Bohemian party, to return to this roost which consisted of an entire top floor of an old residence whose lower floors had long been given over to importers of coffees and grains, and so were always dark and forgotten at night.

But once within his "studio", which was three flights up, one was in the midst of French Follies posters by Cheret, Grasset, and Willette, drawings and etchings in chalks and inks by Rops and Beardsley and Boucher, together with endless nudes, photographic as well as semi-pornographic, by various young Americans of the time. In addition to these were old books, old prints, old brass, copper and pewter lamps, trays and cups. And most pathetic of all, a typical studio couch in one corner and, above it, the customary studio lamp.

Inexperienced and avid of life as I was at the time, and largely deprived, all this impressed me as colorful and gay and promising, if not really satisfying. At the same time it made me wonder as to Winterton's real character and ability. Was he, apart from his social and sex enthusiasms, interested in art and knowledge? Or were these latter merely a screen for an unsatiated sensuality which he was not able to gratify?

III

In his studio—never in his office—I began to encounter individuals of a character decidedly different from those of the top social world of whom Winterton liked to think.

Here was a slyer and less presentable type. There was one man, I now recall, a dark and slender and seemingly physically depleted and romantic Jew of not more than thirty-eight or forty. He was not only a tipster in the sense of supplying ideas, but also, as Winterton laconically explained to me, a would-be writer who could not write. All he could do, I gathered, was to get an idea and then attempt to express it in some form which was never acceptable. More, he was coldly commercial in his salesmanship, following Winterton about his studio and all but tramping on his heels in an effort to get his attention, the while he either expatiated on what he had to sell, or complained bitterly to Winterton of his rejection of his copy or his custom of hiring a re-write man to do it over.

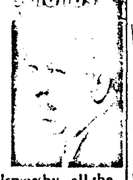
Yet, Winterton explained, the man was acquainted with everything, the stage, music, the popular song world, the Tenderloin, the police, the trans-Atlantic travel ships, from all of which he constantly extracted scandal or graft or publicity of some kind for himself or others.

Joined with him at the same time was a young and seemingly fashionable fellow, described by Winterton as a "letter peddler," who today would be characterized as "in the

(*Continued on Page 4, Col. 1*)

BOOKS TO OWN

"I REMEMBER



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Act of March 3, 1933

Published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1st, 1933. State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George Jean Nathan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is an editor of THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers: THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, Inc., Catherine McNeils, President; Hugh Weir, Vice-President., 12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y. Editors: George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, and Eugene O'Neill, 12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: Amy Vanderbilt, 12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR, Inc., 12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y., consisting of: Catherine McNeils and Hugh Weir, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George Jean Nathan, Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, and Eugene O'Neill, 12 East 41st Street, New York, N. Y.

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GEORGE JEAN NATHAN,
Signature of editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of October, 1933.
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My Commission expires March 30, 1935.

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WINTERTON

(Continued from Page 3, Col. 3)

know" about social affairs, particularly those which related to prospective divorces, suits for breach of promise, secret liaisons between certain young society girls and men-about-town, and so on, and concerning which he had information which sometimes could be substantiated by letters which he had for sale. Chief among this youth's interests for Winterton appeared to be his good looks, his smart appearance and the fact that he seemed to be acquainted with society as well as chorus girls, singers, and actresses. Some of these he could apparently induce to attend supper parties of his own at the Holland House, Martin's, and Mouquin's. And, as I discovered, he was always inviting Winterton. But for a reason. Yet from the mere anticipation of the parties, Winterton extracted great satisfaction.

In contrast to these men and the life they represented, as well as Winterton's pseudo-participation in it, were to be found in his studio on occasion a skimpy and to me insignificant and unsatisfactory type of girl that, nevertheless, appeared to interest him. Were these an inadequate and unsatisfactory and yet resigned substitution for his larger and more glamorous sex dreams? I wondered and finally concluded so. For Winterton had begun to invite me to go here and there with him. Yet, as I saw, his private gaieties consisted of not much more than semi-late dinners at quite humble red wine restaurants in the poorer sections of the city: The Black Cat, Little Hungary, The Café Boulevard, where on occasion he entertained nondescript writers, illustrators, newspapermen, and beginners in painting, who found solace for their early struggles in rating each other roundly for their various defects.

Also there was a lesser Bohemian artist of show-girl poster and scenic background fame who seemed to like him. And at that "artist's" studio revels in that old art warren which once stood at Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, opposite the Academy of Design, and to which sometimes Winterton took me, I was privileged to observe him in the atmosphere he apparently most craved. And I discovered that his efforts to win the attentions of any really attractive girl were truly pathetic. As I could see, he had no enticing social graces and appeared to be too nervously conscious of his own imagined lacks really to succeed. In addition, he was a bit morbid and once observed to me that good-looking women were only interested in money and show and plainly he had neither. The girls that I encountered in his studio appeared to be from fifteen to seventeen years of age, and contrasted sharply and unfavorably with his dreams as manifested elsewhere in his attempts to attract beautiful women.

They were so colorless, so much less experienced and so truly uninformed. They would be looking at his pictures and books and making inane remarks on either views from the window or articles about the place. And all the while gallantly attended by Winterton. For he seemed to desire that they should think well of him. Yet the only reason for these contacts that I could fathom was his inability to win attention from better types. Young as I then was, here again I sensed something of a frustration which was not within his power to overcome. Some lack or defect in himself in regard to the gaiety and beauty of the world of which he was always dreaming and yet of which he could obtain no share.

IV

It was not until five years later, however, that I obtained an adequate answer to my puzzled thoughts. It came in the form of a raid by no less a person than that arch-protector of American morals, Anthony Comstock. In the nineties and early nineteen hundreds, he was as busy as the one-armed paper-hanger of humor fame saving Eastern Americans from their lower natures. In those days, hardly a week passed without its moral or Comstock raid. And finally, from items in all of the New York newspapers, I gathered that Winterton's "studio" in William Street had at last been entered and a quantity of so-called lascivious pictures, books and photographs seized by Mr. Comstock. Also, Winterton had been arrested and charged not only with corrupting the morals of minors, but—I quote—"a statutory offense, second degree." Meaning, I take it, either attempted rape or rape with contributory overtures. There was mention of two girls both under eighteen who were being held as material witnesses.

Knowing as much as I did about Winterton at that time, I was inclined to discount this charge. To begin with, I did not agree that seduction or even rape of the type of girl I had seen visiting Winterton's place should constitute a crime. It was obvious that the type he drew desired to be seduced and raped and, more, we almost as frustrated as himself. Next, of all the probably incompetent in that art, Winterton should have proved the most incompetent. Whatever his desires and intentions, he lacked both courage and skill. What, up to the time I parted with him, he seemed to be wishing for more than actually seeking or achieving, was for some single one of the thousands of seeking and sex-hungry women in the world to come and rescue or seduce him.

In short, and without dwelling too closely on what Mr. Comstock charged, I was satisfied that Winterton could be little more than one of those pitiable victims of persistently frustrated sex dreams, one whose desires had ever been vivid and romantic but scarcely any of which had ever been fulfilled.

Characteristically enough, though, the very worldly New York papers of that day, nearly all of which chose regularly to publish the type of story that most interested Winterton, now chose to abandon him entirely. For, as one newspaperman said to me, they could not afford publicly to defend and protect him. The best that they were willing to do, after the third or fourth day, was to end the pathetic and petty publicity relating to him.

Mr. Comstock, being a decidedly vicious and bad-tempered moralist, was not so easily to be disposed of. Cases like this spelled both salary and publicity for him. And he loved nothing so much as a moral victim, and truly delighted in dragging before the bar of justice all and sundry who sought to contravene the moral statutes of the day. So Winterton, having been seized, was ordered to give bail and await trial.

In the meantime, the shabby pharisaism, which invariably befogs and bedevils all sex issues to this hour, was at work. For, as I soon learned, the Sunday paper with which he had been connected had, for its own social preservation, been compelled to discharge him. The matter at issue was of such character, as one newspaper reporter explained to me, that the *Express* could not stand for i Comstock had the goods,—said "goods," among other things, consisting of those same semi-pornographic drawings by Rops and some privately acquired Parisian posters of rich color and suggestive sensuality, plus Winterton's collection of photographs of nudes, which was then and there in the possession of the redoubtable and happy Comstock.

Also, there was the testimony of the two girls who had been found with Winterton in his studio at the time. They did not, or so I heard, say that he had raped them or had even attempted rape, but rather that by way of pictures and innuendo he had persuaded one of them to submit herself, a crime of such heinousness to the Comstockian mind that it deserved all the rage and strafing of the law that he could evoke.

At any rate, the extreme penalty, as I gathered, was seven years in the penitentiary, plus a fine, if the judge so ordained. All this, as my informant was inclined to think, might fall on Winterton, as he had no money to speak of, and apparently no particularly powerful friends. I was even told by the city editor of the *Express*, who probably knew Winterton as well if not better than I did, that there was a rumor that he had been framed; that Comstock had been complained to by one of those semi-Bohemian, semi-social characters whose sensitivities had been irritated by an article which Winterton had published.

As ridiculous as it may seem, Winterton was actually done for, journalistically, socially, financially. For although after this first burst of publicity there was not an additional line of any kind, nevertheless Winterton, on advice of counsel, and this in spite of some newspaper pressure, pleaded guilty and was subsequently sentenced to one year in Sing Sing.

V

Subsequent to that, however, I heard of him as out on parole, but only after eight months or less. And more dimly, later, that he had taken flight to some western city, and that he had been seen in North Dakota, where, apparently under an assumed name, he was working at his old trade of journalism. My informant had seen and spoken to him, or thought he had.

To be exact, Hodley, the editor of a weekly called *The Economist*, frequently traveled to and fro between the east and west coasts. And at one time, after such a trip, he met me on the street.

"Guess who I saw out in Bismarck, North Dakota, last summer? Remember Winterton, of the old *Express*?

"I certainly do," I said, keenly interested. "What about him?"

"You remember that case against him, of course?"

"Sure. What of it?"

"Well, as sure as I see you now, I saw him out there, although he wouldn't admit it,—turned his back and walked away. And we used to be pretty good friends. But of course I understood how it was. He was going under another name out there, or I suppose he was. But changed! Sav—a little gray and very sour and grouchy looking. And when I stepped up to him and said, 'Why, hello, Winterton! What are you doing out here?' he actually looked me right in the eye and said, 'I'm sorry, you must be mistaken.' But I couldn't forget that slim body of his, and that thin, boney face. It was Winterton, all right. Only knowing what happened to him, I just said, 'I'm sorry, old man. You'll have to pardon me, but you look so much like him.' And at that point, if you will believe it, he moved quickly to one side and without batting an eye repeated as coldly as you would want to hear, 'I'm sorry, you must be mistaken.' Then he went on. Pretty tough, eh?"

"Pretty tough," I replied.

"Particularly after seeing the people he used to write about going on and doing all the things he wanted to do and getting away with it."

"And getting away with it," I confirmed.

UP IN MABEL'S ROOM

by RITA WELLMAN

LEGEND: Lorenzo left England which had become for him like a stuffy room. He went to New Mexico to found a colony based on the Lorenzoan Idea: Every man his own Holy Ghost, and . . . "Woman must deeply, deeply submit."—D. H. L.

The scene is in a handsome ranch house in New Mexico, popularly known as "Up in Mabel's Room." The characters, seated about the supper table, are Lorenzo; Brunhilde, his wife; Minnehaha, an Indian princess; Little Dorrit; and Puss.

Minnehaha: *(a splendid specimen of the Freudian tribe of Uninhibited Indians).*

Cream's sour.

(She pours it on the floor.)

Brunhilde: That's Lorenzo's fault.

Little Dorrit: *(defensively)* Why Lorenzo's?

Brunhilde: Because the cow has never been the same since he told her she wasn't living in her deep unconscious.

Little Dorrit: Always picking on Lorenzo. Isn't *fair.*

Minnehaha: *(pointing at Dorrit)* You're in the way.

Lorenzo: *(gently but quarrelsomely)* Whose way is she in?

Brunhilde: *(fiercely)* Mine!

Minnehaha: *(snorting Indian fashion)* Yours! Well I like that. Who's the Indian princess around here?

Brunhilde: Heap much big Indian trouble-maker, you are.

Little Dorrit: *(nastily)* You should respect Minny more. Heap big money bags.

Puss: *(daintily)* How vulgar!

All Three Women *(turning to look at her in mock deference)* Ah, word comes from little Puss now.

Puss: *(in a sing-song to herself)* I'm going to write a book, I'm going to write a book, I'm going to. . . .

Minnehaha: Just wait 'til *my* book comes out.

Little Dorrit: Minny, you're only a great big Buffalo after all.

Brunhilde: *(roaring with Titanic laughter)* That's *good.*

Little Dorrit: *(genially)* Brunhilde, will you ever forget that amusing time we had at the passport office? *(To them all)* The man, that funny man, thought I was Lorenzo's wife, and *(pointing at Brunhilde in girlish high spirits)* and that *you* were his mother.

Minnehaha: *(laughing until she has to hold her Mother Hubbard together)* That's *good.*

Lorenzo: *(good-little-boy fashion)* Please pass the butter.

Minnehaha *(seizing the butter plate.....Savagely)* No!

Little Dorrit: Minny, give Lorenzo the butter.

Minnehaha: He shan't have it.

Little Dorrit: Who says so?

Minnehaha: I say so.

Little Dorrit: *(getting up to tackle Minnehaha)* We'll see about that.

(She makes a dive for it but Minnehaha is too quick for her and sits on the butter.)

Little Dorrit: Oh, dear, now he won't be able to write. *(She begins to whimper)* You know he can't write without his butter.

Minnehaha: He can't write *with* butter.

Brunhilde: He can't write with butter or without butter. He can't write at all.

Little Dorrit: *(in a shriek)* That's blasphemy!

Brunhilde: Between you and me, Lorenzo is greatly overrated. Where would he be without me, anyway? You all make me sick.

(She turns her back on them and lights a cigarette.)

Little Dorrit: There you are! That's what he has to put up with! How can he express his genius with that kind of going on?

Minnehaha: As if she ever did anything for him. He owes everything to me.

Little Dorrit: To *you!* Oh, just wait 'til I get the chance, I'll tell a few things about you, you old squaw.

Puss: *(sing-song)* I'm going to write a book, I'm going to write a book, I'm going. . . .

Minnehaha: I dominate him. I dominated him all the way across the Atlantic. Lorenzo feels me in his deep unconscious.

Little Dorrit: Deep fiddlesticks! Lorenzo once looked me in the eyes for fifteen whole minutes, and I saw *Pan.*

Puss: *(with an oblique smile)* He takes an interest in *my* hats.

Minnehaha *(wildly)* Hats and Pan! By my father's war bonnet! I dominate, do you hear? I dominate everybody. I dominate Lorenzo. *(standing over him)* I dominate you, don't I, Lorenzo?

Lorenzo: *(politely)* Yes, Minny, you dominate me. Now can I have the butter?

Brunhilde: *(catching him by the coat)* Not more than I do! Dare to say she dominates you more than I do!

Lorenzo: *(patiently)* No, Brunhilde, not more than you do.

Minnehaha: *(catching him on the other side)* Take that back!

Brunhilde: Let go my man!

Little Dorrit: *(shrieking hysterically, throws herself on Lorenzo's breast)* Christo! Christo!

Puss: *(keeping an ostentatious British calm)* Never mind *them,* Lorenzo. *I* understand.

Lorenzo: *(shoving them off)* Let me go, women. Can't a man write a few honest things about sex without having to put up with this kind of thing?

(He begins searching feverishly under the table.)

Lorenzo: Where is my god-head? What have you done with my god-head, all of you?

Brunhilde: *(wifely)* I'm sure I saw it on the dresser this morning.

Lorenzo *(all his calm suddenly going, flying into a maniacal rage)*

You hid it from me, that's what you've done, you she-devil!

(Turns to Brunhilde with a face contorted with fury.)

She-devil!

(He seizes the china and throws it on the tile floor, piece by piece, chattering like an infuriated monkey.)

Harmony! Peace! I must have harmony! *(smash, smash)* Peace *(smash, smash, smash)* Harmony! PEACE!

Minnehaha, Little Dorrit and Puss: *(falling on Brunhilde and beating her up)*

All Three: She-devil!

Lorenzo: *(in great dignity)* I must change my rhythms.

(At the door, looking hurt and saintly, in a soft voice.)

Brunhilde, I warn you, don't goad me again. I might lose my temper.

(He goes out.)

(Outside he finds his favorite horses grazing, Lady and Chatterley. He saddles Chatterley and starts off. But Lady, much put out by Chatterley's matter-of-fact way of leaving her, trots up and gives him a vicious kick. Then she gallops sedately at his side.)

Lorenzo: You don't fool me, Lady. You think in every movement you are expressing your complete, ecstatic oneness, your self-central, female horsiness. But, I, Lorenzo, know better. You are exerting your dark will-to-dominate, your deep, dark, living female will-to-power. I am much obliged to you, because you prove my pet theory about your sex.

(And, like all geniuses, who feel they have mastered a situation when they have put it into words, he rides off happily.)

Peace reigns at the ranch. Up in Mabel's Room the girls are all absorbed in writing their books on Lorenzo. What Lorenzo did for me. What I did to Lorenzo. The paper flies off the typewriters like sheets through a wringer . . . soiled linen washed in public. The atmosphere is charged with Love and Hate, high blood pressure, discarded inhibitions, bad taste, and little egos working overtime. While the others go off on their bender of self-expression, Brunhilde sleeps. Glorious Brunhilde, a grateful reading public's medal goes to you, THE ONE WOMAN WHO COULD, AND WHO DIDN'T, WRITE A BOOK ON LORENZO.

THE "MASTER"

by B. M. STEIGMAN

THE dog serves an important purpose to his owner. For the holder of a restraining leash calls himself the dog's master, and the dignity of this title has exalted many a crestfallen being into the class of absolute ruler. He has merely to whistle: lo, the creature obeys. He flings a stick: his eager servant darts after it and lays it panting at his feet. He teaches the slave to beg, and he has the elation of a benefactor, for the tossing of a bone. He holds out his lordly hand: the creature whines with delight, licks his fingers, crouches beneath the tremendous being he evidently must be. He wields mightily about the beast the dreaded chains of bondage: the muzzle, the collar, the leash, the whip. He is no longer a nonentity: he is a fellow to reckon with. A wild duck in captivity raised a sorry bookkeeper in Ibsen's play beyond his ledger to a state of romantic illusion. A tame dog can do as much and is easier to keep.

SERVANTS OF GOD

No. 18

Associated Press dispatch to the New York American:

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